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THE DIVORCED WIFE.

By LILLIAN FORTUNE.

My heart will wander back
To thy lone pathway through the cold, cold
world,
And long to find the track
By which from its proud station it was hurled.
My thoughts about the past
Will twine themselves as drops of dew at even
On thorny flowers are cast.
When, bending low, they yield their breath to
heaven.

My yearning soul will drop
Beneath the chill, harsh gaze of curious eyes,
And, like a bird, will wing its way
To the dust, leaving her sorry skirt,
Amid those radiant light
Her brow has been lifted up, serene,
And proudly calm and bright,
Though in the distance darkest clouds were
seen.

The flowers about my path
That have not withered in their loveliness,
Will now grow down to death,
And their pale lips the damp earth coldly press;
And those that rest a thrill
Of ecstasy into my heart now mute,
Will be remembered still,
Like the last murmur of a trembling lute.

Oh, it is hard to take
My dream and lonely way far from thy side,
The golden chain to break
That bound my fate to thine—a happy bride;
That thou remember now
The shadowy clime down by that lonely cot,
Where thy love's deep vow
I listened tremblingly and doubted not?

Thou dost remember. Years
Have passed away since then, and eyes of love
Bedewed with anxious tears,
My blooming youth that faded with above,
Are closed in death. The breast
Whose painful throbbings were for me alone
Is hushed in peaceful rest—
The freed soul to its heavenly home hath gone.

Now I am left to look
My last upon thy loved and cherished face,
Oh, can I ever brook
The world's cold sneer, or from my soul erase
The bright and glorious past?
Kind death! my breaking heart invokes thy
glorious!

Around it softly cast
The rayless shadow of the voiceless tomb.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.
ROUGET DE L'ISLE.
A LEAF FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

It was during the early days of the
great Revolution of 1789, in 1792, when
a young officer in delicate health took
up his quarters in the city of Marseilles
for the six months of his leave of ab-
sence. It seemed strange retirement for
the young man, for in the town he knew
no one, and in the depth of winter Mar-
seilles was no tempting retirement. The
officer lived in a garret, looking out on
the street, which had for its furniture,
a harpsichord, a bed, a table, and a
chair. Little but poor food ever entered
that apartment where food and fuel were
both scarce; and yet the young man
generally remained in doors all day, as-
siduously writing, or rather dotting
something on paper, an occupation he
alternated with music.

Thus passed many months. The
young man grew thinner and paler, and
his leave of absence appeared likely to
bring no convalescence. But he was
handsome and interesting despite his sal-
low hue. Long hair, full beaming eyes
that spoke of intelligence, and even ge-
nius, frankness of manner, all prepos-
sessed in his favor, and many a smile
and look of favor came to him from
beautiful eyes that he noticed not, nor
cared to notice. In fact, he rarely went
out but at night, and then to walk down
by the booming sea, which made a kind
of music he seemed to love. Sometimes,
it is true, he would hang about the the-
atre door when operas were about to be
played and look with longing eyes with-
in; but he never entered, either his
purse or his inclination failed him. But
he always examined with care the name
of the piece and its author, and then
walked to the sea shore to muse and
meditate. Shortly after his arrival in
Marseilles he visited, one after another,
all the music sellers and publishers in
town, with a bundle of manuscripts in
his hand; but his reception was not very
favorable, for he left them all with a
trembling air, and still with his bundle
of manuscript. Some had detained him
a long time, as if estimating the value
of the goods he offered for sale; but
these were no more tempted than the
others to try the saleable character of
the commodity.

The house he lodged in had attached to
it a large garden. By permission of
the landlord, the young man often select-
ed it for his evening walks, and despite
the cold, would sometimes sit and muse
in a rude and faded boxer under a
one of the gables. Here he would
occasionally even sing in a low tone
some of his own compositions. It hap-
pened once or twice when he did so
a female head protruded from a window
above him, seeming to listen. The young
man at length noticed this.

"Pardon, lady," said he one evening,
"perhaps I disturb you."
"Not at all," she replied, "I am fond
of music, very fond, and the air you
hum are new to me. Pray, if not a rude
question, whose are they?"
"Citoyenne," he answered, diffidently,
"they are my own."

"Indeed!" cried the lady with ani-
mation, "and you have never published them?"

"I shall never try—again," he mur-
mured, uttering the last word in a low
and despairing tone, which, however,
reached the ears of the young woman.

"Good night, Citizen," she said, and
she closed her window. The composer
sighed, rose and went out to take his
usual walk by the sea beach, there be-
fore the grandeur and sublimity of the
ocean, and amid the murmur of its bel-
lowing waves, to forget the cares of the
world, his poverty and his crushed vision
of glory and renown—the day dream
of all superior minds—a dream far more
a punishment than reward; for of
those who sigh for fame, few indeed are
successful.

Scarcely had he left the house, than a
lady, habited in cloak and hood, entered
it, and after a somewhat lengthened stay,
she returned, and remained there about
an hour. At the end of that time she
vanished. It was midnight when the
composer returned. He entered with
difficulty, the Cerberus of the lodge
being asleep, and ascended to his wret-
ched room. He had left it littered and
dirty, without light, fire, or food. To
his surprise a cheerful blaze sent its rays
beneath the door. He opened it and
without alarm, and found his apartments
neatly ordered, a fire burning, a lamp,
and on the table a supper. The young
man frowned, and looked sternly on the
scene.

"Who dares thus insult my poverty?"
Is it not enough that I am starving with
cold and hunger, that I am rejected by
the world as a useless and wretched
thing, incapable of wielding either sword
or pen, but I must be insulted by char-
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by one who knows my necessity! And
yet who knows? Perhaps my mother
may have discovered my retreat. Who
else could have acted thus? My moth-
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for respecting my concealment!"

And the invalid officer sat down to the first
hearty meal he had eaten for weeks—
He had left his home because his friends
wholly disapproved of his making music
a profession, and wished him to employ
his leave of absence in learning another
occupation. His mother so pressed him,
that he saw no resource, but a soldier's
last chance—a retreat. For two months
no trace of the fugitive had been seen—
two months spent in vain efforts to
make his chosen career support him; and
now, doubtless his mother had found
him out, and had taken this delicate
way of respecting his secrecy and pun-
ishing his pride.

Next morning the young man awoke
with an appetite unknown to him of late.
The generous food of the previous night
had restored his system, and brought
him to a natural state. Luckily, suffi-
cient wine and bread remained to satisfy
his craving, and then he sat down to think.
All his efforts to get his music sung,
or played, or published, had been in vain—
Singers knew him not, publishers de-
clared him unknown, and the public
seemed doomed never to hear him, be-
cause they never had heard him; a logi-
cal consequence very injurious to young
beginners in literature, poetry, music,
and all the liberal arts. But he was
determined to make a more trial. Hav-
ing eaten, he dressed, and went out in
the direction of the shop of the Citizen
Dupont, a worthy and excellent man,
who in his day had published more mu-
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have played in a lifetime.

"You have something new, then, Cit-
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lady within his office for leaving her a
while. "As my time is precious, pray
play it at once, and sing it if you will."

"The young man sat himself at the har-
psichord which adorned the shop, and
began at once the 'Song of the Army of
the Rhine.' The music publisher in-
stinctively knew the name of one who
is not to be deceived, and shook his head
as the composer entered.

"Rough—crude—but clever. Young
man, you will I doubt not, do something
good one of these days; but at present,
I am sorry to say, your efforts want
finish, polish. The singer rose, and
bowing, left the shop, despair at his
heart. He had not a sous in the world—
his rent was in arrears; he knew not
how to dine that evening, unless, indeed,
his mother came again to his aid—his
aid was very unwilling to receive. His
eyes were turned to her, for he parted from
her in anger. His mother was a royal-
ist, he was a republican, and had said
bitter things to him at parting; but
most of all the composer felt one thing,
the world would never be able to decide
if he had or had not merit; and this
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The day was spent in moody thought.
The evening came, and no sign of his
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pangs of hunger became intolerable, and
the young man ascended to his room with
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"Go thyself," said the composer in a
low husky voice, and he went up stairs.
Having gained the room, the unhappy
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motionless for some hours, until at
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visions had driven every calm and good
thought from his head, and then he dared
quietly proceed to carry out his dreadful
and desperate intent. He closed care-
fully the windows, stuffed his mattress
up the chimney, and with paper stopped
every aperture where air could enter.
Then he drew forth from his pocket
charcoal and a burner, and lit it. Thus
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Opera, signed Dupont, who was co-man-
ager of the theatre.

"Go thyself," said the composer in a
low husky voice, and he went up stairs.
Having gained the room, the unhappy
and misguided young man sat silent and
motionless for some hours, until at
length hunger, despair, and his dreary
visions had driven every calm and good
thought from his head, and then he dared
quietly proceed to carry out his dreadful
and desperate intent. He closed care-
fully the windows, stuffed his mattress
up the chimney, and with paper stopped
every aperture where air could enter.
Then he drew forth from his pocket
charcoal and a burner, and lit it. Thus
had this wretched man determined to
end his sufferings. He had made one
last effort, and now in that solitary dis-
mal garret, he laid him down to die;
and poverty, and misery, genius and
death, were huddled close together.

Meanwhile, amid a blaze of light, the
evening's amusements had begun at the
theatre. A new opera from Paris was
to be played, and the prima donna was
the young, lovely, and worshipped Clau-
dine, the Jenny Lind of that time and
place. The house was crowded, and
the first act succeeded beyond all expec-
tation, the audience were in ecstacy.

"She is a jewel," said M. Dupont,
who, from a private box, admired the
great supporter of his theatre. A roar
of applause from the pit delighted at
this instant the good man's ears.—Clau-
dine called before the curtain, was bow-
ing to the audience. But what is this?
—Instead of going off, she had just
signed to the orchestra to play. She is
about to show her gratitude to the au-
dience in verse. M. Dupont rubs his
hands, and repeats twice between his
teeth, "She is a jewel!" But with ease
and rapidly the band has commenced
it, and after a somewhat lengthened stay,
she returned, and remained there about
an hour. At the end of that time she
vanished. It was midnight when the
composer returned. He entered with
difficulty, the Cerberus of the lodge
being asleep, and ascended to his wret-
ched room. He had left it littered and
dirty, without light, fire, or food. To
his surprise a cheerful blaze sent its rays
beneath the door. He opened it and
without alarm, and found his apartments
neatly ordered, a fire burning, a lamp,
and on the table a supper. The young
man frowned, and looked sternly on the
scene.

"Who dares thus insult my poverty?"
Is it not enough that I am starving with
cold and hunger, that I am rejected by
the world as a useless and wretched
thing, incapable of wielding either sword
or pen, but I must be insulted by char-
ity? Fire, light, and food, all sent me
by one who knows my necessity! And
yet who knows? Perhaps my mother
may have discovered my retreat. Who
else could have acted thus? My moth-
er, I bless thee both for thy action and
for respecting my concealment!"

And the invalid officer sat down to the first
hearty meal he had eaten for weeks—
He had left his home because his friends
wholly disapproved of his making music
a profession, and wished him to employ
his leave of absence in learning another
occupation. His mother so pressed him,
that he saw no resource, but a soldier's
last chance—a retreat. For two months
no trace of the fugitive had been seen—
two months spent in vain efforts to
make his chosen career support him; and
now, doubtless his mother had found
him out, and had taken this delicate
way of respecting his secrecy and pun-
ishing his pride.

Next morning the young man awoke
with an appetite unknown to him of late.
The generous food of the previous night
had restored his system, and brought
him to a natural state. Luckily, suffi-
cient wine and bread remained to satisfy
his craving, and then he sat down to think.
All his efforts to get his music sung,
or played, or published, had been in vain—
Singers knew him not, publishers de-
clared him unknown, and the public
seemed doomed never to hear him, be-
cause they never had heard him; a logi-
cal consequence very injurious to young
beginners in literature, poetry, music,
and all the liberal arts. But he was
determined to make a more trial. Hav-
ing eaten, he dressed, and went out in
the direction of the shop of the Citizen
Dupont, a worthy and excellent man,
who in his day had published more mu-
sic, bad and good, than a musician could
have played in a lifetime.

"You have something new, then, Cit-
oyen?" said Dupont, after the usual pre-
liminaries, and after apologizing to a
lady within his office for leaving her a
while. "As my time is precious, pray
play it at once, and sing it if you will."

"The young man sat himself at the har-
psichord which adorned the shop, and
began at once the 'Song of the Army of
the Rhine.' The music publisher in-
stinctively knew the name of one who
is not to be deceived, and shook his head
as the composer entered.

"Rough—crude—but clever. Young
man, you will I doubt not, do something
good one of these days; but at present,
I am sorry to say, your efforts want
finish, polish. The singer rose, and
bowing, left the shop, despair at his
heart. He had not a sous in the world—
his rent was in arrears; he knew not
how to dine that evening, unless, indeed,
his mother came again to his aid—his
aid was very unwilling to receive. His
eyes were turned to her, for he parted from
her in anger. His mother was a royal-
ist, he was a republican, and had said
bitter things to him at parting; but
most of all the composer felt one thing,
the world would never be able to decide
if he had or had not merit; and this
was the bitterest grief of all."

The day was spent in moody thought.
The evening came, and no sign of his
secret friend whether mother or un-
known sympathizer. Toward night the
pangs of hunger became intolerable, and
the young man ascended to his room with
a heavy heart. His eye was wild, his
cheek pale, his whole mind was in a
fever. He passed the door of his lodge
the concierge gave him a ticket for the
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